places. It was a peculiar action, and he seemed to fairly gloat over it when it was done and the bust returned to its place, covering the hole.

As noiselessly as he had come, he made his exit after one last malignant look at Dodge. It was now but the work of a moment to remove the wires he had placed and climb out of the window, taking them and destroying the evidence down in the cellar.

A low whistle from the masked crook, now again in the shadow, brought his pal stealthily to his side.

"It's all right," he whispered hoarsely to the man. "Now you attend to Limpy Red."

The villainous looking pal nodded and, without another word, the two made their getaway, safely, in opposite directions.

* * * * * * *

When Limpy Red, still trembling, left the office of Dodge earlier in the evening, he had repaired as fast as his shambling feet would take him to his favorite dive up on Park Row.

Had the Bowery "sinkers" not got into his eyes he might have noticed among the late revelers a man who spoke to no one, but took his place near by at the bar.

The Criminal Slid Silently Into Dodge's Room.

Limpy had long since reached the point of saturation and lurching forth from his new found cronies he sought other fields of excitement. Likewise did the newcomer, who bore a strange resemblance to the lookout who had been stationed outside at the Dodge house a scant half hour before.

What happened later was only a matter of seconds—and waiting until the hated snitch—for gangdom hates the informer worse than anything else dead or alive—had turned a sufficiently dark and deserted corner.

A muffled thud, a stifled groan followed as a heavy section of lead pipe wrapped in a newspaper descended on the crass skull of Limpy.

It was the vengeance of the Clutching Hand—swift, sure, remorseless.

And yet it had not been a night of complete success for the master criminal, as anyone might have seen who could have followed his sinuous route to a place of greater safety. Unable to wait longer, he pulled the papers he had taken from the safe from his pocket. His chagrin at finding most of them to be blank found only one expression of foiled fury—that menacing clutching hand—the real one!

* * * * * * *

Kennedy had turned from his futile examination for marks on the telephone. There stood the safe, a moderate sized strong box, but of a modern type. He tried the door. It was locked. There was not a mark on it. The combination had not been tampered with. Nor had there been any attempt to "soup" the safe.

With a quick motion he felt in his pocket as if looking for gloves. Finding none, he glanced about and seized two pieces of paper from the desk. With them, in order not to confuse any possible finger prints on the bust, he lifted it off.

I gave a gasp of surprise.

There, in the top of the safe, yawned a gaping hole, through which one could have thrust his arm!

"What is it?" we asked, crowding about him.

"Thermit," he replied laconically.

"Thermit?" I repeated.

"Yes—a compound of iron oxide and powdered aluminum, invented by a chemist at Essen, Germany. It gives a temperature of over five thousand degrees. It will eat its way through the strongest steel."

Jennings, his mouth wide open with wonder, advanced to take the bust from Kennedy.

"No—don't touch it," he waved him off, laying the bust on the desk. "I want no one to touch it—don't you see how careful I was to use the paper, that there might be no question about any clue this fellow may have left on the marble?"

As he spoke, Craig was dusting over the surface of the bust with some black powder.

"Look!" exclaimed Craig suddenly.

"Finger prints!" I cried excitedly.

"Yes," nodded Kennedy, studying them closely. "A clue—perhaps."

"What—those little marks—a clue?" asked a voice behind us.

I turned and saw Elaine looking over our shoulders, fascinated. It was evidently the first time she had realized that Kennedy was in the room.

"How can you tell anything by that?" she asked.

"Why, easily," he answered, picking up a glass paper weight which lay on the desk. "You see, I place my finger on this weight—so. You could see it even without the powder on this glass. Do you see those lines? There are various types of markings—four general types—and each persons' markings are different, even if of the same general type—loop, whorl, arch or composite."

He continued working as he talked.

"Your thumb marks, for example, Miss Dodge, are different from mine. Mr. Jameson's are different from both of us. And this fellow's finger prints are still different. It is mathematically impossible to find two alike in every respect."

Kennedy was holding the paper weight near the bust as he talked.

I shall never forget the look of blank amazement on his face as he bent over closer.

"My God!" he exclaimed excitedly, "this fellow is a master criminal! He has made stencils or something of the sort on which, by some mechanical process, he has actually forged the hitherto infallible finger prints!"

I, too, bent over and studied the marks on the bust and those Kennedy had made on the paper weight to show Elaine.

THE FINGER PRINTS ON THE BUST WERE KENNEDY'S OWN.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Phosphorus.

The discovery of phosphorus by Brandt in 1668 was first applied commercially as a means of obtaining fire by Godfrey Haulwitz of London, who in 1860, under the direction of Robert Boyle, prepared and sold large quantities. It was used for procuring fire by rubbing small particles between the folds of brown paper, and a sulphur match was ignited from the resulting flame; but as phosphorus was both costly and dangerous this invention was not long employed.

A Thought.

I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned to a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can read, his thought has slackened its hold.—Holmes.

Had Duties to Attend To.

The first morning my little brother went to kindergarten he was very good until about ten o'clock, when he got up and started out. The teacher asked where he was going. He replied, "I'se doin' to det some lunch." Not living very far she let him go. He returned in the afternoon and was very good until about three o'clock, when he started out again. The teacher called him back and said, "Where are you going now?" He answered, "I des I dota take my nap, don't I?"—Chicago Tribune.

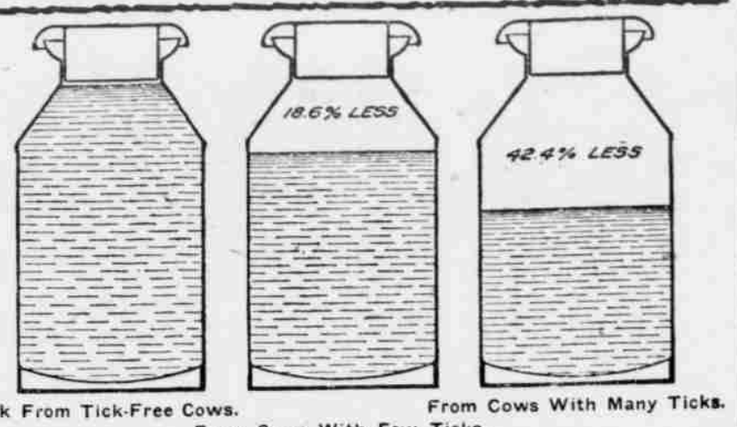
The Difference.

Mrs. Bilton—"That Mrs. Jinks is always very well dressed, while her husband always looks shabby." Bilton—"Well, she dresses according to fashion, and he according to his means."—Judge.

Decision.

If you stop to look at the traffic you may conclude that crossing is impossible, but make the start and keep moving and you get across somehow.—Charles A. Bates.

CATTLE TICK IS COSTLY TO THE SOUTH



Milk From Tick-Free Cows. From Cows With Few Ticks. From Cows With Many Ticks.

A very large area in the South has already been freed from the tick, but twice as much still remains to be cleaned. The edict has gone forth—the tick must go, and go at once if the South is to enjoy anything like its legitimate share of prosperity.

Ticky cattle are worth anywhere from $5 to $10 a head less than tick-free cattle, but because it is impossible to introduce purebred stock into tick-infested territory for the purpose of grading up the herds, the difference between the average value of cattle in the tick states and in the free states is much greater than this. On January 1 of this year, for example, the average price of beef cattle over two years old in ten tick-infested states — North and South Carolina Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas—was $29.90. For the remainder of the country it was $48 47. In Georgia and Florida the price was only $18, in Alabama $20, in Mississippi $22, in Louisiana $24. With the exception of Vermont and Tennessee, where the averages were $39 and $35, respectively. Every tick-free state had an average of $40 or more. Eighteen states were over $50.

Tick-infested cattle not only weigh less—and therefore are worth less—than tick-free cattle, but they bring less per pound. In Alabama and Mississippi on January 1 the average price was four cents. In Connecticut it was 8.4 cents, and in no free states was it as low as five cents. The hides of the ticky cattle are damaged, and such hides cannot be used for making a fine grade of leather, therefore the market price for hides from ticky cattle is much reduced. From 50 cents to $1.25 is the average loss in value of tick-bitten hides.

Dairy cattle suffer no less than beef stock, for the tick gets the blood that should go to the making of milk. Government tests show that a light infestation of ticks reduces the milk flow 18 per cent; a heavy one as much as 42 per cent. Translate this loss into dollars and cents for a herd of 20 cows, which under normal conditions should each give eight quarts a day. With milk at five cents per quart a light infestation costs the owner of such a herd $290 in the course of 200 days' milking. A heavy infestation costs him $670. In a county where systematic tick eradication work is under way he could dip his herd, free them from ticks and save this loss for a total expenditure that would certainly be no more than $10.

This is not mere theory; it has been proved in actual practice. One dairyman's experience is typical. He owned 42 ticky cows, gave them one dipping and a week afterwards found that he had 16.6 per cent more milk.

The daily revenue from the herd was increased $3.50.

For all the evils that the tick causes there is a very simple remedy—an arsenical bath.

The work must, however, be systematic and comprehensive. An undipped herd is a menace to all the dipped ones. For this reason the best results are obtained when a county, having once voted to undertake eradication, thereafter enforces rigidly the necessary regulations. To aid it in organizing its campaign and in supervising the construction of the vat and the dipping of the cattle, the United States department of agriculture supplies experienced specialists; the county or cattle owners build the vats and furnish the arsenic.

SAFE FARMING RULES

Recommendations Made by Department of Agriculture.

Measures Will Steady Whole System and Be of Benefit to Both Individual and Community—Cotton Comes in at End.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Six measures for safe farming in the South are recommended by the United States department of agriculture in a recent circular. No matter what the price of cotton may be, it is said, these measures will steady the whole system and be of benefit both to the individual and the community. The program recommended is as follows:

First. Produce a home garden for every family on the farm, the year round, paying special attention to a plot of Irish or sweet potatoes. Where feasible, have a patch of sorghum or other cane to produce sirup for the family.

Second. Produce the corn necessary to support all of the people on the farm and the live stock, with absolute safety.

Third. Produce the necessary oats and other small grain to supplement the corn as food. Pay attention to winter grazing.

Fourth. Produce hay and forage from some forage crop, sufficient to supply all of the live stock on the farm. Use legumes such as clover, cowpeas, velvet beans, soy beans and alfalfa for the production of hay and to enrich the soil with nitrogen and humus.

Fifth. Produce the meat necessary to supply the people through increased attention to poultry and hogs, especially. Plan to increase gradually the number of cattle and other live stock so as to have a sufficient number to consume the waste products of the farm and make the waste lands productive.

Sixth. After all of these things have been amply provided for, produce cotton for the market.

Wonderful Feed for Hogs.

Alfalfa is a wonderful feed for hogs when fed in combination with some grain. Alfalfa alone as a hog feed does not give good results except perhaps for mature sows as they run on pasture after weaning the pigs. To get good gains on growing pigs in an alfalfa pasture, they should be fed from one and a half to two pounds of grain for every hundred-weight of live hog, corn being ideal for this purpose.

BEST FEED FOR BROOD SOWS

Equal Parts of Corn and Wheat Shorts Is Recommended by Expert of the Texas Station.

(By JOHN C. BURNS, Texas Experiment Station.)

One of the best rations that can be used for a sow suckling pigs is equal parts by weight of corn and wheat shorts made into a slop with skim milk, using two pounds of milk for every pound of the grain mixture. If skim milk is not available a good ration may be formed by using the proportions by weight of three parts wheat shorts and one part corn made into a thick slop with water.

Another good ration may be formed by using the proportions by weight of seven parts corn and one part tankage or meat meal. If available at lower prices ground kafir, maize or feterita may be substituted for the corn in each of the rations. The same rations are also well suited for young pigs from the time they are old enough to eat until they are four or five months old, when such foods as shorts and tankage may be gradually reduced, though they should not be cut out entirely, unless some other feed relatively rich in protein is used to supplement the grain.

Three or four weeks after farrowing, green pasture should constitute a portion of the ration for both sow and pigs if the best results are obtained.

Supply of Nitrogen.

Nitrogen is the most expensive ingredient of fertilizers. It is believed that the cheapest means of supplying it is by growing clover and plowing it under green, or by feeding the stock and returning the manure.

Reduce Quality of Milk.

Irregularities of feeding and milking, exposure to heat, cold, rain and flies, and harsh treatment tend to reduce both the quantity and the quality of milk produced.

Collect and burn all dried rotten fruits that remain on the trees or that have fallen to the ground. This will aid in the control of insects and diseases next year.

FROM ONE YEAR'S CROP HE PAID FOR HIS LAND IN WESTERN CANADA

Remarkable as are the reports of the yields of wheat in Western Canada, the marketing of which is now under way, they are none the more interesting than are those that are vouched for as to the value of this grain crop to the farmers of that country.

Some months ago the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa, Canada, wrote to those in the United States who were owners of land in Western Canada that was not producing, advising that it be put under crop. The high prices of grain and their probable continuance for some years should be taken advantage of. Cattle and all the produce of the farm commanded good figures, and the opportunity to feed the world was great, while the profits were simply alarming. The Department suggested that money could be made out of these idle lands, lands that could produce anywhere from 25 to 65 bushels of wheat per acre. A number took advantage of the suggestion. One of these was an Illinois farmer. He owned a large quantity of land near Culross, Manitoba. He decided to put one thousand acres of it under wheat. His own story, written to Mr. C. J. Broughton, Canadian Government Agent at Chicago, is interesting.

"I had 1,000 acres in wheat near Culross, Manitoba. I threshed 34,000 bushels, being an average of 34 bushels to the acre. Last Spring I sold my foreman, Mr. F. L. Hill, 240 acres of land for $9,000, or $37.50 per acre. He had saved up about $1,000, which he could buy seed with, and have the land harrowed, drilled and harvested, and put in stook or shock.

"As a first payment I was to take all the crops raised. When he threshed he had 8,300 bushels of wheat, which is worth in all $1.00 per bushel, thereby paying for all the land that was in wheat and more, too, there being only 200 acres in crop. If the 240 acres had all been in wheat he could have paid for it all and had money left."

That is a story that will need no corroboration in this year when, no matter which way you turn, you learn of farmers who had even higher yields than these.

G. E. Davidson of Manitou, Manitoba, had 36 acres of breaking and 14 acres older land. He got 2,186 bushels of wheat, over 43 bushels per acre.

Walter Tukner of Darlingford, Manitoba, had 3,514 bushels off a 60 acre field, or over 58½ bushels per acre. Forty acres was breaking and 20 acres summer fallow.

Wm. Sharp, formerly Member of Parliament for Lisgar, Manitoba, had 80 acres of wheat on his farm near Manitou, Manitoba, that went 53 bushels per acre.

One of the most remarkable yields in this old settled portion of Manitoba was that of P. Scharf of Manitou, who threshed from 15 acres the phenomenal yield of 73 bushels per acre.

These reports are but from one district, and when it is known that from almost any district in a grain belt of 30,000 square miles, yields while not as large generally as these quoted, but in many cases as good, is it any wonder that Canada is holding its head high in the air in its conquering career as the high wheat yielder of the continent? When it is pointed out that there are millions of acres of the same quality of land that has produced these yields, yet unbroken, and may be had for filing upon them as a homestead, or in some cases may be purchased at from $12 to $30 an acre from railway companies or private land companies, it is felt that the opportunity to take part in this marvelous production should be taken advantage of by those living on land much higher in price, and yielding infinitely less.—Advertisement.

Few Things She Didn't Like.

"How do you like my new hat, dear?" asked a mother of her five-year-old daughter.

"Oh, I like it all right, except the color and the trimming and the shape," replied the small critic.

Painted It.

She—I hear that Jack has a new girl.

He—No, that's just his old one painted over.—Penn State Froth.

As a rule the more a man has to say about women the more he doesn't know about them.